

## Miscellany Page.

### QUIVIRA.

Francisco Coronado rode forth with all his train,  
Eight hundred savage bowmen, three hundred spears of Spain,  
To seek the rumored glory that pathless deserts hold—  
The city of Quivira whose walls are rich with gold.

Oh, gay they rode with plume on crest and gilded spur at heel,  
With gonfalon of Aragon and banner of Castile.  
While High Emprise and Joyous Youth, twin marshals of the throng,  
Awoke Sonora's mountain peaks, with trumpet-note and song.

Beside that brilliant army, beloved of serf and lord,  
There walked as brave a soldier as ever smote with sword,  
Though naught of knightly harness his russet gown revealed—  
The cross he bore as weapon, the misal was his shield.

But rugged oaths were changed to prayers, and angry hearts grew tame,  
And fainting spirits waxed in faith where Fray Padilla came;  
And brave spearman bowed their heads to kiss the helpful hand  
Of him who spake the simple truth that brave men understand.

What pen may paint their daring—those doughty cavaliers!  
The cities of the Zuni were humbled by their spears,  
Wild Arizona's barrens grew pallid in the glow  
Of blades that won Granada and conquered Mexico.

They fared by lofty Acoma; their rally-call was blown  
Where Colorado rushes down through God-hewn walls of stone;  
Still, North and East, where deserts spread and treeless prairies rolled,  
A Fairy City lured them on with pinacles of gold.

Through all their weary marches toward that flitting goal  
They turned to Fray Padilla for aid of heart and soul.  
He bound the wounds that lance-thrust and flinty arrow made;  
He cheered the sick and falling; above the dead he prayed.

Two thousand miles of hardship behind their banners lay,  
And sadly fever, drought, and toil had lessened their array.  
When came a message fraught with hope to all the steadfast band;  
"Good tidings from the northward, friends! Quivira lies at hand!"

How joyously they spurred them! How sadly drew the rein!  
There shone no golden palace, there blazed no jeweled fane.  
Rude tents of hide of bison, dog-guarded, met their view—  
A squalid Indian village; the lodges of the Sioux!

Then Coronado bowed his head. He spake unto his men;  
"Our quest is vain, true hearts of Spain! Now ride we home again.  
And would to God that I might give that phantom city's pride  
In ransom for the gallant souls that here have sunk and died!"

Back, back to Compostela the way-worn handfoul bore;  
But sturdy Fray Padilla took up the quest once more.  
His soul still longed for conquest, though not by lance and sword;  
He burned to show the Heathen the pathway to the Lord.

Again he trudged the flinty hills and dazzling desert sands,  
And few were they that walked with him, and weaponless their hands—  
But and the trusty man-at-arms, Do-campo, rode him near.  
Like Great Heart, guarding Christian's way through wastes of Doubt and Fear.

Where still in silken harvests the prairie-lilies toss,  
Among the dark Quiviras Padilla reared his cross.  
Within its sacred shadow the warriors of the Kaw  
In wonder heard the Gospel of Love and Peace and Law.

They gloried in their Brown-robed Priest; and oft in twilight's gold  
The warriors grouped, a silent ring, to hear the tale he told,  
While round the gentleman-at-arms their lithe-limbed children played  
And shot their arrows at his shield and rode his guarded blade.

When thrice the silver crescent had filled its curving shell,  
The Friar rose at dawning and spake his flock farewell:  
"—And if your Brothers northward be cruel, as ye say,  
My Master bids me seek them—and dare I answer 'Nay'?"

Again he strode the path of thorns; but ere the evening star  
A savage cohort swept the plain in paint and plumes of war.  
Then Fray Padilla spake to them whose hearts were most his own;  
"My children, bear the tidings home—let me die here alone."

He knelt upon the prairie, begirt by yelling Sioux—  
"Forgive them, oh, my Father! they know not what they do!"  
The twanging bow-strings answered, Before his eyes, unrolled  
The City of Quivira whose streets are paved with gold.  
—Arthur Guiterman in Out West.

### RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM.

Translated into the Christian by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.  
Up from Earth's center through the closing gate  
I rose and on the Throne of Vision sat,  
Left many knots unravel'd by the road,  
To try the knot of Human Death and Fate.

The door is locked; hence there exists a key.  
The veil is drawn. Lift! And the eye shall see  
—Because there is some talk of Me and Thee  
Unfinished—therefore more of Thee and Me.  
—In The Independent.

## HOW TO TELL AN UNSOUND HORSE



- 1 BAD HEAD BADLY SET ON
- 2 THICK CULLEY
- 3 EWE NECK
- 4 LOW WITHERS
- 5 NARROW CIRTH
- 6 LONG BACK
- 7 SLACK LOIN
- 8 HIGH CROUP
- 9 COARSE RUMP
- 10 CAPPED HOCK
- 11 CURB
- 12 OVERSHOT FETLOCK
- 13 NO BACK RIBS
- 14 BOC SPAVIN
- 15 SANDCRACK
- 16 CAPPED ELBOW
- 17 TIED IN BELOW KNEE
- 18 RINGBONE
- 19 STRAIGHT SHOULDER
- 20 LIGHT BONE
- 21 LAMINITIS

### CHOP SUEY POPULAR.

Chop suey, the national dish of China for at least twenty-five centuries, bids fair to become a standard food in this country. There are some sixty Chinese restaurants scattered over the different boroughs of Greater New York whose chief attraction is the popular composition, and several American restaurants have endeavored to take advantage of its popularity by adding it to their daily bill of fare. There is a ridiculous amount of mystery concerning the dish. It is simple, economical, and easily made. The general formula is as follows: One pound of moderately lean fresh pork, cut into pieces a quarter of an inch thick, a half an inch wide, and an inch long; 2 chicken livers, chopped up to the size of dice; two chicken gizzards, cut into slices the size of a nickel, and each ring pinked, with the lines almost meeting in the center.

The heat of cooking causes the fibres to shrink, and converts the circle into a many pointed star. A quarter of a pound of celery cut into slivers, a quarter of a pound of canned mushrooms and a quarter of a pound of green peas, chopped string beans, asparagus tips, bean sprouts or salsify. These are thrown into a frying pan over a hot fire, covered with a cup of water, 4 tablespoons of peanut oil, olive oil or melted butter, a tablespoonful of chopped onion, half a clove of garlic, grated salt, white pepper and red pepper.

If the fire is hot enough these will cook in five minutes. The contents of the pan should be stirred to prevent burning, and the moment the water boils out, fresh water should be added in small quantities, to prevent frying. The dish should be served promptly, and is not only palatable but wholesome and easily digested. In place of pork, mutton can be employed, while chicken liver and gizzard may be replaced by those of the turkey. Some Chinese cooks use the Indian soy, which is sweeter. The effect can be imitated by adding a teaspoonful of Worcestershire sauce and another of brown sugar or a teaspoonful of molasses. An agreeable modification results from the use of asparagus tips along with the other vegetable ingredients, while the Singapore variety is obtained by stirring in a tablespoonful of curry paste. In the Chinese restaurants the cost varies from 10 cents to 25 cents a plate, the more expensive dish containing a fair amount of the best imported mushrooms.—New York Post.

### THE RIGHT TO LABOR IN JOY.

By Edwin Markham.

Out on the roads they have gathered, a hundred thousand men,  
To ask for a hold on life as sure as the wolf's hold in his den.  
Their need lies close to the quick of life as the earth lies close to the stone;  
It is as meat to the slender rib, as marrow to the bone.

They ask but the leave to labor, to toil in the endless night,  
For a little salt to savor their bread, for houses water-tight.  
They ask but the right to labor and to live by the strength of their hands—  
They who have bodies like knotted oaks and patience like sea-sands.

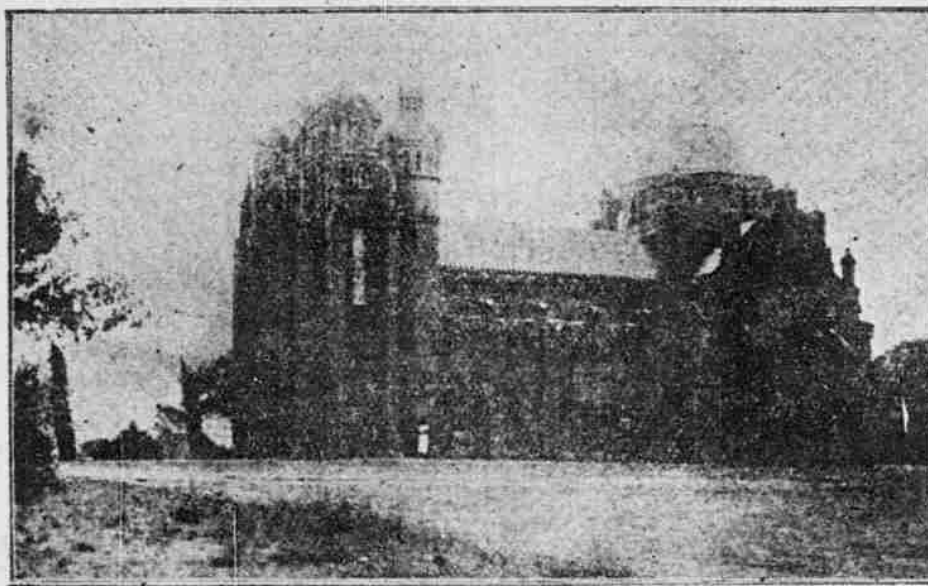
And the right of a man to labor and his right to labor in joy—  
Not all your laws can blot that right, nor the gates of Hell destroy.  
For it came with the making of man and was kneaded into his bones,  
And it will stand at the last of things on the dust of crumbled thrones.  
—In New York American and Journal.

From a stump of a large brown cedar in the Garden of the Gods, near Pike's Peak, Prof. Bessey has estimated the age of this particular tree at between 900 and 1000 years.

### A NEW OLIVE STORY.

The latest olive story comes from New York. An Irishman who had recently acquired considerable wealth desired to dine at Delmonico's for the first time. As he sat down his attention was attracted by a man at the next table who was reading a newspaper and eating a dish of olives. When three or four had disappeared the newcomer turned to the waiter and said: "What's them he's eating?" "Olives, sir." "Bring me two dozen." When they came the Irishman slapped two of them in his mouth and began to chew.

### AN EVIDENCE OF PROGRESS IN CENTRAL AFRICA.



The Church at Blantyre, Eighty Miles Up the First Link of Railway.

to chew. Suddenly he spat them out, stones and all. He looked at the man, who was calmly eating away. Then he went over, touched him on the shoulder, and said: "Excuse me, sir, but do you like them things?" "Yes, sir." "You're a liar."

The breathing or blowing of wells driven on the plains of Nebraska has been lately shown to coincide with changes of barometric pressure, but it is thought that low pressure can hardly account for the force with which the air is expelled from some of the wells.

### THE PRESIDENT GOT A BUG.

Everyone knows that the President didn't get a bear, but few have heard how Mr. Roosevelt got a bug. Not many months ago Secretary Wilson imported from China several members of the Coccinella family because of their predatory habits and their extreme fondness for the San Jose scale. Many vicissitudes attended the small family of bugs, until only two remained, but each of them had a capacity of several thousand scales a day, and Secretary Wilson became so enthusiastic as to the possibilities of

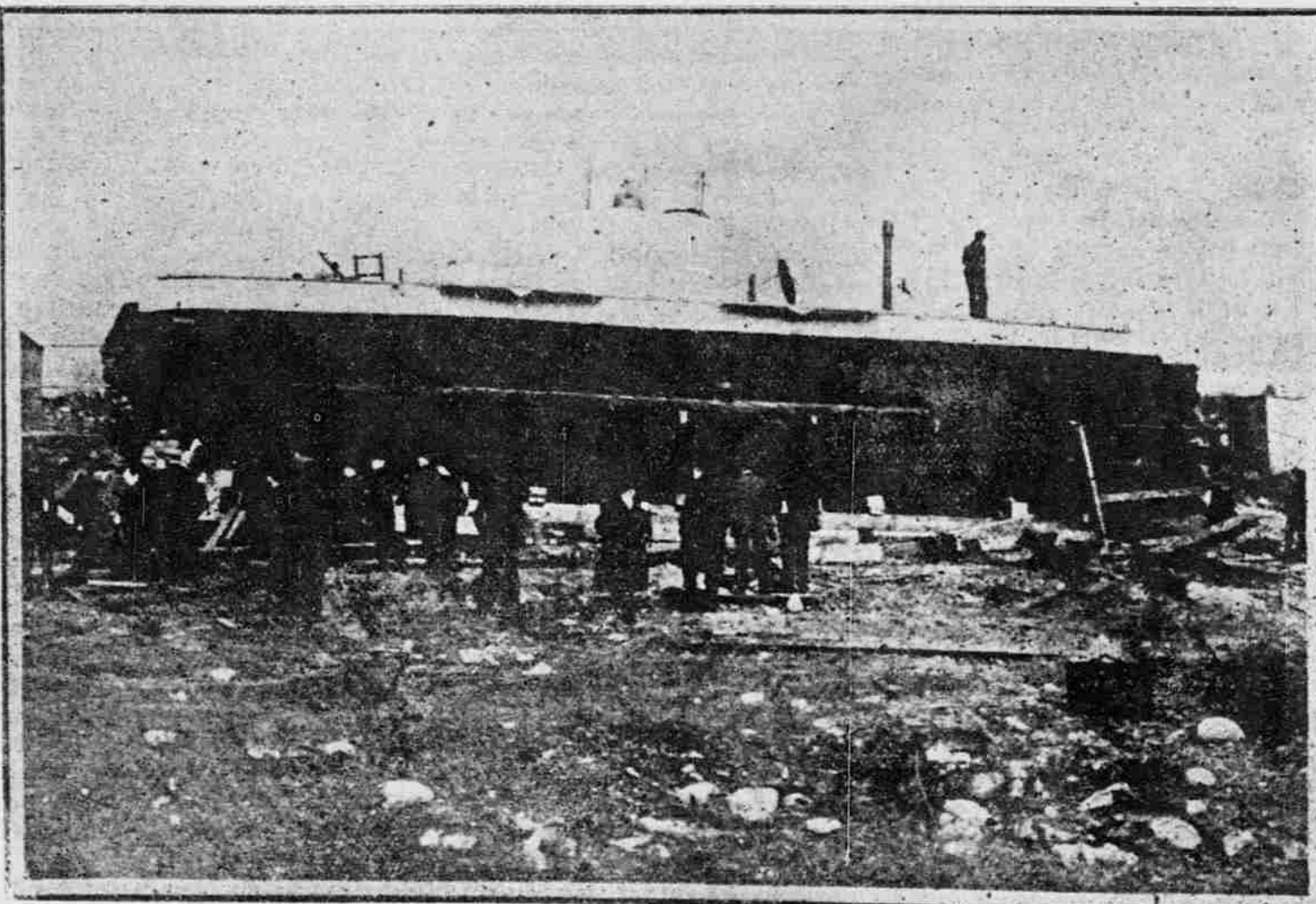
ensconced under the President's shirt stud was found the missing insect, which had apparently premeditatedly undertaken to participate in the strenuous life. A man who relates the story says he is not sure which was the more gratified—the Secretary to recover or the President to be relieved of the valuable but ugly insect.

Anaesthesia by compressing the carotid artery, though unknown to us, seems to have been long in vogue among the natives of eastern Java and neighboring islands. The practice has been brought to notice by Dr. Stelner, a Dutch physician, who discovered it among some prisoners at a hospital at Surabaya, and afterward experimented to test the method. Of 30 natives subjects tried, 25 became insensible. Sensibility and thought were lost suddenly, and so completely that in one case an abscess was lanced without the patient's knowledge, and in no case was there any injury. Cerebral anaemia is supposed to be one cause of the effect, though it is probable that there are other factors, such as compression of important nerves. The Javanese believe that this anaesthesia gives benefit in cases of fatigue, headache, insomnia, etc., and it is thought that so simple and harmless a means of producing sleep should be of value in surgery.

A cloud is white because its corpuscles of vapor are large enough to reflect all rays, large and small. But the upper air has infinite numbers of particles so minute that they throw back only the smaller—or blue—waves of light, and not the larger red, yellow and green waves, and thus blue is the predominant but not exclusive color of the sky. This long-accepted theory of Tyndall's is now questioned by M. Spring, the Swiss physicist. He has experimented with luminous rays under many conditions, getting all colors except blue, which failed to appear until, by the aid of electricity, he secured a pure atmosphere. This was clearly tinged with blue, leading to the conclusion that the blue of the sky is an essential quality of the air, of chemical origin.

In French experiments, three lots of sheep have been fed alike, except that one lot received no salt, while the second was given half an ounce daily, and the third had three-fourths of an ounce. The second lot gained 4.5 pounds each more than the first and 1.25 pounds more than the third. The salted sheep had 1.75 pounds more wool and a better fleece than those which had no salt.

## LAUNCH OF SIMON LAKE'S NEW SUBMARINE BOAT



The particular feature of this boat is that it not only is run under water, but that it has an attachment with wheels which will enable it to run on land, either at the bottom of the bay or sea, or over the land between rivers.

## HUMOROUS

A man feels blue with trouble, red with rage, white with fear, yellow with envy, and green with jealousy.—Baltimore American.

Gyer—"Bald heads remind me of kind words." Myer—"What's the answer?" Gyer—"They can never dye."—Chicago Daily News.

Fritz—"I made a mistake today and drank liquid out of a fire extinguisher." Pat—"How did you feel?" Fritz—"Oh! very much pud out."—Ex.

Fractional: "Where the wife is the better half, what is the husband?" "Perhaps he is what is meant by the submerged tenth!"—Detroit Journal.

"If I should die rich, I'd leave my money to establish a much-needed institution." "What is that?" "A dormitory for policemen on night duty."—Puck.

"I hear your son is reading law." "No, sir. It's a mistake. My son is sitting in the back office, with his feet on a desk, smoking cigarettes."—Chicago Record Herald.

Their cooks: Muggins—"My cook left because we refused to treat her as one of the family." Buggins—"Humph! My cook expects to be treated as company."—Philadelphia Record.

Kentucky teacher (of infant geography class)—"Tommy Blood may tell us what a strait is." Tommy Blood—"It's jis' th' plain stuff 'bout nothin' in it."—Ohio State Journal.

How it happened: Judge—"How did you come to club this man so severely?" Officer—"Well, yer honor, he kept perfectly still an' wudn't dodge a single crack Oi made at him."—Judge.

Lecturer—"And what man is most apt to reach that elevation whence the earth may be viewed as one vast plain?" Voice (in the audience): "The one that works in a powder-mill."—Life.

The parting shot: "Clara (after a ring) 'I presume you would like your ring back?' George—'Never mind; keep it. No other girl I know could use that ring, unless she wore it on her thumb.'"—Tit-Bits.

Scientific and nervous visitor (at country hotel)—"I suppose there's no 'ptomaine' in this pie?" Waiter (quite equal to the occasion)—"No, sir. We never puts that in unless specially ordered!"—Punch.

"You say your pastor is introducing novelties into the pulpit?" "Alas, yes! He has left the well-beaten paths of politics, society, finance, and vice, and is introducing discourses on the Bible and the New Testament."—Puck.

The friendly shadows of night: Old Crastigh—"How did you dare, sir, to kiss my daughter last night on the dark piazza?" Young Gayboy—"Gad, now that I've seen her by daylight, I wonder myself."—December Smart Set.

Judge—"Do you accuse this man of taking your property?" Band leader—"Yah! He dake mine moosie roll ven I look away." Judge—"Took you by surprise, eh?" Band leader—"Yah! He steal a march on me."—Chicago News.

"Wot does it mean?" asked Penniless Percival, "where de song says, 'Drink to me only wit' your eyes?' " "It means," announced Wise Wilfred, "dat de loidly kin read de wine list, but dat's as far as it goes."—Baltimore American.

"Remember, Pat, it is the hand that rocks the cradle that rules a nation." "Well, begorra. Yez may be roight, but Oi'm fer thinkin' meself, 'tis the cart ye've got before ther hoss; it's ther hand as cradles ther rocks phivot rules er nation."—Ex.

At the bargain counter: "Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I have such a bargain!" "Indeed?" "Yes; you told me that blue poker chips were worth a dollar apiece, and I got a whole lot of them for seventy-five cents."—Washington Evening Star.

"But what will you do when all the vermiform appendices shall have been removed?" The great surgeon smiled. "I was reading only today," he said, "that the stomach may be taken out." "Without killing the patient?" "How funny you are!" exclaimed the great surgeon, and laughed outright.—Life.

The day after Thanksgiving: "What are the probabilities for tomorrow?" asked the star-boarder of the drug-clerk, who was looking over the paper. The drug clerk turned to the weather page, and, seemingly unconscious that the landlady was behind him, read: "For tomorrow and Saturday, hash, followed by turkey-soup and croquettes."—Judge.

Hints for an insomniac: If you can't get to sleep, count three billions, taking care to pronounce each number slowly and distinctly. If this does not prove effective, get out of bed and turn eighteen handsprings. Observe a proper regard for the uniformity of the thing, and see that they are of the same size and velocity. If you still find that you are unable to get into the Land of Nod, take a walk around the block, and then, if this means fail, go and find a big man and tell him he lies. He'll put you to sleep.—Towns Topics.

A naval officer now engaged in ordnance duty on a home station was given to talking in his sleep. One night recently he awakened his wife by starting up in bed and exclaiming in accents of pining distress: "See must have a new jacket! I must manage to get one for her!" The wife, knowing that her husband's slumbers had never before been disturbed by the requirements of her wardrobe, became vastly excited and gripped him by the arm. "William! William!" she breathed earnestly into his ear—"hope mean-while rising high in her breast—"who is she?" "My 3-inch gun!" sighed the overtaxed ordnance man.—Kansas City Independent.